

THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. I.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1812.

[NO. 19.]

THE UNWILLING IMPOSTOR.

A TALE.

Translated from the French.

THE lady abbess seemed surprised at this discourse, and regarded him with an air of astonishment: "It is true," said she, the Baron du Taniere this morning brought a young lady to me, very amiable, and beautiful enough to attract your lordship's notice; but she is not his niece, nor is her name Agnes—she is called Julia, and is the baron's daughter."—"How!" cried the marquis, has he passed her on you for his daughter?"—"Undoubtedly," returned the abbess, "she is his daughter by a former wife; I am her god-mother, and therefore cannot be mistaken. So, my dear marquis, if you seek the baron's niece, I can assure you she is not within these walls, and as to Mademoiselle du Taniere, I have received strict orders not to let her be seen by any stranger. I am very glad she is not the person you seek, as I should be extremely unwilling to refuse you."—"Your account fills me with surprise," said the marquis, "and had I not seen the young lady but two hours ago, I should not urge you farther; but as it is, the happiness of my life depends upon your granting my request, I cannot, will not, depart unsatisfied."—"You are extremely pressing," said the abbess, laughing, "and I will indulge you merely to convince you that I am not seeking to impose on you by a falsehood."

She then sent an order for Mademoiselle du Taniere to appear, and the marquis waited her coming in the most anxious, perturbation of mind; but his doubts and fears soon vanished, when his eyes were again gratified with a view of the lovely Agnes, who, covered with blushes, entered the parlour and uttered an exclamation of joy on beholding Montolieu.

"I am not deceived," cried the marquis, in rapturous exultation. "It is my adorable Agnes whom they would thus have entombed alive: thank heaven, I can yet prevent such a sacrifice."—"What do I hear?" interrupted the abbess, "I cannot understand this.—Mademoiselle du Taniere, is it by compulsion that you embrace a religious life? Why does the marquis address you as the baron's niece?"—"Speak, adorable Agnes," said the marquis, emphatically, "rely on my honour, and unravel this mystery."—"Good heavens! what am I to do?" exclaimed Agnes, clasping her hands, while the tears trickled down her cheeks, "how shall I explain this sad affair? how accuse a parent so dear to me; rather let me be an innocent victim to the ambition and envy of the cruel baroness."—"That shall never be," exclaimed the marquis in a rage. "No, Agnes, within these holy walls I swear that unless you reveal this mystery, I will return, and with my sword force the secret from the baron."—"Hold! hold!" cried Agnes, in a voice of ex-

treme terror. "The baron is indeed my father; if you shed a drop of his blood, you will behold me a corpse before you."—"As your father, his life is sacred," replied the marquis: "fear not then, dearest Agnes, to develop the whole of this strange and base affair."—"Resting on that assurance," said Agnes, "I will be explicit.—The baron, my father, was married in early youth to Honoria du Luneville, a rich heiress, beautiful and accomplished. She unfortunately died in bringing me into the world. Feeling an unaccountable presentiment that she should not survive the birth of her infant, she made her will previous to her confinement, in which she bequeathed all her property to her husband, in case I should not live: but that if I survived her, he was only to enjoy the interest of it until I became of age, or was married with his approbation during my minority. My father, who had only married Honoria through motives of interest, was not much pleased with this arrangement, and having soon after the death of the baroness occasion to go to Rochelle, he left me to the care of my tender nurse, and remained three months absent. To the great surprise of all the domestics, at the expiration of that period my father returned with a lady, whom he introduced to them as their mistress, and welcomed her to the chateau with every token of love and admiration. My good nurse was deeply afflicted at this unlooked-for event, and the rest of the servants were so much disgusted with the haughty manners of the new baroness, that they unanimously solicited and obtained their discharge. Attachment to me alone retained my nurse and her husband, who held a farm upon the estate, and my infantile years were passed more with them than at the chateau. Wrapped up in his adoration of the baroness, my father almost wholly neglected me; but whenever I shared his caresses, I felt happiness indescribable."

"The baroness soon gave birth to a daughter, who was named Agnes; my real name is Julia, but it was changed for reasons which I shall soon explain. From this hour I became an object of hatred and envy to my mother-in-law, and as her child grew up she failed not to inspire her with the same sentiments. I will not repeat the variety of ill usage I experienced from them; suffice it, I was by threats and injurious treatment at length compelled to renounce all claim upon my father's heart, and submit to be called his niece, while Agnes usurped my place, and assumed my name and inheritance. On this occasion I was rewarded for my acquiescence by the praises and caresses of my father, who, at times, seemed inclined to treat me with paternal tenderness; but the insidious representations of the baroness, and the envious malignancy of her daughter, compelled him, in general, to conceal his sentiments, that he might not exasperate them still more, and I was the helpless victim of their malevolence. Despairing of an end to this oppression, I resolved on taking the veil. I was already weary of an existence so miserable."

I was dead to the world, and by enclosing myself within the hallowed walls of a convent, I had a prospect of peace here, and of happiness hereafter.

"I must here inform you of one circumstance, which served, for a time, to divert me from my purpose, and which was the occasion of the dreadful apprehensions I entertained for your life, should my secret be discovered. The husband of my nurse had a son two years older than myself; he was a youth of amiable manners and engaging person, he had served in the army, and, at the time I am speaking of, came home to pass a few weeks with his parents. Unfortunately, he conceived a violent passion for me, and he was too tenderly beloved by the excellent Henrietta and her husband, to be disagreeable to me. I loved him as a brother, and was too inexperienced to know that my undisguised partiality nourished such warm sentiments in his breast. One day, my good foster-father took me aside, and regarding me with the tenderness of a parent, said—"My beloved young lady, I fear you will think me interested in what I have to propose, but I call God to witness, I have your welfare, as well as that of my son, at heart. Henry adores you, and I am certain your tender heart is attached to him; he has served many years under the gallant Marquis de Montolieu, he is the best of men, and has promised him his patronage. Let us make the particulars of your situation known to him—he will exert himself in your behalf; escape with my Henry, and throw yourselves at the feet of the king, who will, no doubt, assert the rights of which you have been so basely deprived."—I own this proposal was not disagreeable to me, and in an evil hour I consented."

At this part of Julia's narrative the marquis changed countenance, started from his seat, and betrayed every symptom of the most violent agitation. "Oh, Julia!" he cried, "have I then found you only to learn that you are devoted to another? Wretched Montolieu! this blow is worse than all."—"Moderate these transports, my lord," said Julia, blushing deeply, and listen to the sequel of my narrative."

"Every thing was prepared for our flight, and we repaired to the chateau de Montolieu; you, my lord, happened to be absent, and we were under the necessity of pursuing our journey. It was necessary to pass through the forest—alas! our steps had been traced by the emissaries of the suspicious baroness; we were surrounded by armed ruffians, and the unfortunate Henry expired at my feet, pierced with numberless wounds. Horror deprived me of my senses, and in that state I was conducted back to my father's mansions where I had to bear the reproaches and insulting taunts of that vile woman. It was soon after this event, that you arrived, and, heaven forgive me for the thought; but I cannot help forming an idea that it was not common robbers who assailed my father."

TO BE CONTINUED.

LEWELLIN AND THE BARD;
OR,
THE SORROWS OF EDITHA.

A Cambrian Romance.

Continued from our last.

The good physician had previously suggested to the prince that his disorder had taken a favourable turn, and that nothing was wanting to establish the renovation of his health but ease of mind, and such amusements as his weak state would admit of; and, although he forbade the intrusion of visitors, or any boisterous conviviality, he requested permission to introduce an orphan niece, whose artless vivacity and extraordinary accomplishments would, he doubted not, render her an agreeable companion to the invalid. The prince carelessly assented, and the lovely Ellinor was introduced without delay. The luxurious grandeur of the palace was at first a source of pleasing astonishment to her youthful mind, and when she was conducted to the couch on which the prince reclined, her natural sensibility was excited, and she paid her respects with a degree of awe and modest diffidence, which charmed Lewellin. Though ignorant that it was her father before whom she stood, she experienced a sensation of regard, which his present situation seemed sufficiently to account for; and, when informed that she was to exert her talents for the amusement of the invalid, she answered, with the most winning sweetness, that—“She was only fearful her talents would not be adequate to her wishes.”—“How old is this bewitching girl?” inquired the prince.—“Scarcely eleven,” answered the physician; “but her understanding is beyond her years.”—“I perceive it,” said Lewellin: “you have given me a little treasure. But we will talk more of this another time.” After some desultory conversation, the physician retired, and the prince began to question Ellinor concerning her connections and situation in life. The natural artlessness of her disposition would have prompted her to explain every particular, but she had already been taught her lesson; and therefore merely replied, that she had been brought up in retirement, with a very accomplished friend, who took great pains to perfect her in whatever she had capacity to learn; and that her uncle had lately been desirous of having her with him for a short time. This account satisfied Lewellin, to whom she alternately sung, played, or read, as the prince’s humour required. Lewellin was delighted with her engaging vivacity, and seemed never so happy as when she was by his side; none but his principal attendants were admitted, except the vile woman who had usurped the place of the unhappy Editha in Lewellin’s affection, and on those occasions Ellinor was always dismissed to her apartment.

One evening, while the prince was enjoying a refreshing slumber, into which he had been lulled by the soft notes of Ellinor’s harp, she felt an irresistible desire to examine a suite of apartments beyond the prince’s chamber, which she had never yet entered. Knowing the usual indulgence of Lewellin, she fearlessly availed herself of the opportunity, and tripped lightly along the gallery till she came to the first room, which was hung with a number of beautiful paintings. Here Ellinor’s curiosity was unexpectedly gratified; she examined every one

with minute attention, till she heard the prince pronouncing her name, and she hastened immediately to him. He inquired the reason of her absence, and, after she had apologised for the liberty she had taken, received his permission to revisit it as often as she pleased.—“There is also a room beyond it, Miss Fitzowen,” said the prince, “which contains some family portraits; perhaps it would give you pleasure to view them. It is but a poor compensation for your kind attention to me; at some future period I may find a better way of evincing my gratitude.”—Ellinor kissed his hand affectionately, and, it being then late, retired for the night.

On the following day she took an opportunity of revisiting the picture-room, when having a better light, she passed above an hour in admiring them. The family portraits next engaged her attention; the piece which most attracted her notice was one in which Lewellin, in the prime of youth and beauty, was represented on horseback, by the side of his august father and gallant brother; in his fine countenance she traced the glowing beauties of virtue, magnanimity, and every youthful grace. Ellinor knew not of his subsequent follies, and the picture before her represented but the fair exterior. Having gazed a considerable time on an object so attractive, she cast her eyes round the apartment, and in one corner perceived a large picture in a superb frame, resting against the wall, with the face concealed. Surprised that such a magnificent picture should remain in that neglected position, she eagerly hastened to inspect it; with difficulty she turned it round, for it was large and heavy, and beheld the portrait of a lady of most lovely form and features, richly habited, represented in the attitude of St. Cecilia. The splendour of the dress at first revetted her attention, but no sooner did she dwell on her features, than they forcibly reminded her of her beloved mother. In a moment she pressed her lips to the inanimate canvas, and letting go her hold, the portrait fell on the ground, and the frame was dashed to pieces. Terrified and dismayed, Ellinor ran back to the prince’s apartment, and implored his forgiveness for the carelessness she had been guilty of; but, fearful of mentioning her mother, she did not explain to him which picture she had injured, and the prince being at that moment in extreme pain, paid little attention to what she said. A cold which he had caught confined him again to his bed, and Ellinor, delighted with her treasure, stole every moment she could to kiss and weep over the portrait which so strongly resembled her mother. Fearful, at length, that her frequent absence would displease the prince, she resolved, if possible, to move her favourite picture into his apartment, and conceal it behind the drapery of the window furniture; and having carefully separated the shattered fragments of the frame from the canvas, she found it no difficult task. Delighted with her stratagem, she lost no time in putting it into execution, and while the prince slept she cautiously introduced her prize; but she had too little art to conceal her theft successfully. One evening, when Lewellin, overcome with lassitude, reclined on his couch with his eyes closed, she anxiously ran to her beloved picture, and drawing aside the crimson curtain which had concealed it from observation, again lavished on it the most tender caresses.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SONNET.

VIRTUE, first gift of heaven, 'tis thee I hail,
Whether I find thee in the gay resorts,
Mid all the pomp and pageantry of courts,
Or in the humble cottage of the vale;
'Tis thy sweet influence that gives a zest
To every sphere in life, with thee no tear
Of real misery falls, when thou art near;
Calmed is each struggling tumult of the breast,
The shivering victim of misfortune’s rage,
From kindred, home, from friends and country driv’n,
Worn out with sickness, famine, and old age,
And 'rest of every stay but thee and heav’n:
Smiles at the storms of fate that round him rise,
And courts thy seraph wing to bear him to the skies.

Communicated for the New-York Weekly Museum.

JULIET.—A FRAGMENT.

SHE was sitting at the head of his grave, and the grass was beginning to look green upon the turf round the stone, where her tears usually fell; she had not observed me and I stood still—“Thou hast left me Fidelio,” said she, bending her face down to the turf, “thou hast left me: but it was to attend a dearer call—I will not weep,” wiping her eyes with her handkerchief, “I will not weep, for it was the call of one who loved thee better; thou hast flown to his bosom—and what hast thou left behind for thy poor Juliet, but this cold sod?” She was silent some moments. The pale faced moon was just beginning to climb the tops of the trees as I came up, and as she stooped to kiss the turf, I saw her tears trickling thro’ the moon beams in hasty drops from her eyes. “Thou hast left me,” said Juliet, raising her face from the grave—“But we shall meet again, and I shall see thy face again and hear thee speak—and then we shall part no more. She cheerfully rose to retire. The tear was still trembling in her eye. Never till that moment did I behold so sweet a charm—one might have read the sentence in her face—“Thou has left me,” said the tear, “But we shall meet again,” said the smile.—“Blessed religion” thought I, “how happy are thy children.”

P * * *

FROM WILSON’S POEMS,

Just published by Mr. James Eastburn, (late Ezra Sergeant’s store) bookseller, opposite Trinity Church, we select the following sweet and touching Monody on the death of Grahame, the much-lamented and most amiable author of “The Sabbath” and other poems.

“Some chosen books by pious men compos’d,
Kept from the dust, in every cottage lye
Through the wild loneliness of Scotia’s vales,
Beside the Bible, by whose well-known truths
All human thoughts are by the peasant tried.
O blessed privilege of nature’s bard!
To cheer the house of virtuous poverty,
With gleams of light more beautiful than oft
Play o’er the splendours of the palace wall.
Methinks I see a fair and lovely child
Setting composed upon his mother’s knee,
And reading with a low and lisping voice
Some passage from the Sabbath, while the tears
Stand in his little eyes so softly blue,
Till, quite overcome with pity, his white arms
He twines around her neck, and hides his sighs
Most infantile within her gladden’d breast,
Like a sweet lamb, half sportive, half afraid,
Nestling one moment ’neath its bleating dam.
And now the happy mother kisses oft
The tender-hearted child, lays down the book,
And asks him if he doth remember still
The stranger who once gave him, long ago,
A parting kiss, and blest his laughing eyes!
His sobbings speak fond remembrance, and he weeps
To think so kind and good a man should die.”

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

The subsequent Captain's Love-Letter is an original fact, and is given, not on account of its elegant diction, nor of its simplicity of sentiment,—nor modesty of address; but as an example of bombastic affectation, the production of a romantic imagination, that had no well-grounded cause for its conduct.

DEAR MADAM, APRIL 6th, 1811.

BEING hurried away from your presence as by a flood; and being hardly an hour in your company alone; and that apparently with the greatest reluctance; being precluded the happiness of forming hardly the *smallest* acquaintance with you; and thinking (as I believe you do) that your treatment in that effect has been rather austere, yet far be it from me to complain:—under such an impression I would not be considered as speaking; but only as the foundation of the few thoughts I have here hastily thrown together for your consideration, which set not quite easy on my mind, when I left you on the evening of the 27th March, with an answer from you, tantamount to a refusal of any further personal addresses from me.

How can I, how shall I describe the amazement and horror, that in a moment burst in upon my soul, and like a tempest, *stole* me away in the night. But with the candor of a Moses I must declare, that if all created beings, even the *Prince of the power of the air*, had been combined against me, and I had known I was given up by the Almighty power of Jehovah, into their hands to do their utmost with me, in regard to the mortal part of me, I should have received the onset, with greater firmness and intrepidity.

I have in years past had the honor of paying my addresses to a considerable number of ladies of distinction and merit, in different States, Counties, and Towns, (with one of them I have since spent nineteen happy years) but not one of them, ever manifested to me any thing like satiety or disgust. I am now by the mysterious dispensation of divine providence left alone, like the sparrow on the house-top, and since I have been in this situation a considerable number of ladies of amiable characters (better than my deserts I am fully sensible) have been by my friends, recommended to me as justifiable persons for a companion in my situation and circumstances—not as superiors, nor as inferiors, were they recommended, but as equals: some of which were my acquaintance, and some not, yourself being one of them so recommended, and by those as sincerely your friends as mine.—And tho' a stranger to me, yet I think myself not far transcending the bounds of decorum by paying you those addresses, especially as you had the HONOR of being the first person to whom they were made. True it was with the greatest diffidence, being prepossessed of the highest consideration of your amiable character.—Oh! P——, to vanquish an enemy is glorious; but have you vanquished an enemy? No: but your *best friend*—I say your best friend—and put him to a complete rout. But I consider him no soldier who will run clear off, and never return again to the charge. And you must be *heroine* indeed, if a *gallant Captain* can't keep the field more than one or two hours.

I am dear madam, with sensations of the greatest respect, your most sincere and affectionate friend.

Miss P—W—

J—G—

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1812.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

THE latest accounts from Portugal state, reports were in circulation "that the British army has withdrawn from the advanced posts in the neighbourhood of Salamanca, probably from the difficulty of conveying necessaries to so great a distance, from the Coast. There are however immense magazines of provisions in various quarters."

From every account from the Peninsula it appears that the Patriots have the most sanguine expectations of driving their inveterate enemies out of the country.

Accounts from the north of Europe say that Bonaparte's head quarters, the 6th July, were at Wilna, which "is about 215 miles East of Warsaw. The Russians at this time were in full retreat before the French and were devastating the country in their way, so that the French army would have a desert to pass over in the pursuit—this would be a trying operation and would call forth all the energies and talents of Bonaparte, to counteract its effects upon his troops.

"A few skirmishes have taken place between the opposing armies, but nothing of moment beyond an affair of posts.

"The Russians appear to retreat in good order towards the Dwina.

"This war is pregnant with the most important consequences to the whole of Europe.—Should Bonaparte succeed in laying that Empire at his feet, there will be no barrier remaining to his ambition on the continent of Europe, a gigantic and overwhelming force would be poured into Spain, which we fear would be irresistible, and an uncontroled dominion over Europe would give leisure for operations in the east, that might be of the utmost consequence to the British possessions in India. But should the French not succeed in the attack on Russia, events that will lead to humble her power and check her usurpation, will immediately ensue, and the tranquillity of Europe may be restored.

"Poland is re-established into a kingdom and Berthier is reported as the destined monarch of that ill-fated country."

HONOR TO THE BRAVE.

At a meeting of the Common Council the 8th inst. the following resolution, brought forward by Mr. Lawrence, and seconded by Mr. Alderman Buckmaster, unanimously passed the Board,

"The Common Council of the City of New-York, considering a Naval Establishment all important to the protection of our country, and viewing the recent capture of the British frigate Guerriere by the American frigate Constitution, as not only illustrating the advantages of a Navy, but as reflecting the brightest honour on the intrepidity and skill of capt. Hull, his officers and crew, esteem it their duty as the municipal government of this great commercial city, to express their sentiments on this occasion, and to present the thanks of the citizens of New-York to the gallant officers and seamen who achieved this splendid victory.

"Resolved, That the FREEDOM of the city be presented to captain Hull in a Gold Box, with an appropriate inscription; and that his Honor the Mayor be requested to forward the same, with a copy of this resolution."

We have nothing interesting this week from our Northern army. Large detachments have gone forward to the head of Lake of Champlain, with a view it is said, of invading Lower Canada.

Gov. Tompkins of this state continues actively employed in bringing forward and directing the military strength of the state, particularly for the defence of the harbour, under the command of Gen. Armstrong.

As may be expected from the number of privateers out of the different ports of the United States, so they prove a sore evil to the British commerce on this side the Atlantic. Among many valuable prizes sent in we see it noticed, that capt. Barney of Baltimore, in a privateer schooner, had taken in a cruise of 45 days fifteen vessels, making 2944 tons, estimated to have cost one million, two hundred and eighty thousand dollars, and made 166 prisoners.

Government has issued orders to the marshals of the several districts, to give up all British prisoners of war

as fast as they receive them, without regard to numbers, to those authorised to receive them.

The United States frigate Essex, Capt. Porter, has arrived in the Delaware, after a cruise of 70 days, having captured the British ship of war Alert, of 20 guns—(18 pound carronades), and 130 men, commanded by capt. Trollope, and after detaching her, sent her into Halifax as a cartel, with three hundred prisoners on board, taken from a transport, (which he had ransomed) two brigs which he had burnt, and six other prizes which had been ordered for the first port. Capt. Porter only lost one man during the cruise.

By a schooner arrived at Boston, we learn that the United States schooner Viper, of ten guns, captain Bainbridge, has been taken by a frigate and carried into Providence.

The British cruisers, by accounts, continue to fall in with and capture many of our homeward bound European vessels—a business that must soon fail.

The British frigates Belvidera, Maidstone, & Æolus, have been cruising this week off Sandy Hook, and it is said have made some captures.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We acknowledge the receipt of an essay on *Kissing*, which we think rather rigid, on that ancient and friendly custom frequently used at the marriage rite by christian people of different denominations: weak as human nature may be we cannot suppose any virtuous female, at this time, could so far forget herself as to be affected by the salutatory Kiss in any way derogatory to the purest principles of propriety; but if some should think that "many wounds are inflicted which know no cure by the too familiar toleration of kissing," then indeed ought the custom be discarded from the marriage circle. As to the arts of seduction used in this or any other way, they ever have and will receive the most pointed detestation of the worthy part of mankind. The best shield in these cases will be found in the practice of the principles of a virtuous education, guided by a little common sense, and the recollection of the misery that awaits the indulgence of every criminal passion.

PIZARO's communication is received, which we should insert with pleasure; but we are apprehensive some mistake has occurred in transcribing it. We should be glad to see this correspondent.

Nuptial.

MARRIED.

By the Rev. John Molther, Mr. Amory Gamage, merchant, to Miss Hannah Ten Brook, daughter of Mr. Henry Ten Brook, merchant, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Wyat, James Rosevelt, esq. to Miss Catherine Eliza Barclay, daughter of the late Mr. James Barclay, all of this city.

At Pleasant Valley, (N. Y.) by the rev. Mr. Anson, Mr. Edward C. Taylor, merchant of this city, to Miss Maria B. Newcombe, daughter of John Newcombe esq. of the former place.

At Bloomingdale by the rev. M'Vickar, William Jay esq. to Miss Augusta M. M'Vickar.

Obituary.

DIED.

In this city capt. Simon Dealge, in the 53d year of his age, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

After a lingering illness Mr. John McNeil in the 25th year of his age.

After a long illness, John Ferrel esq. aged 25 years, a respectable planter from St. Croix.

At quarantine ground, after a short illness, in the 28th year of his age, Mr. Robert Calder, of this city.

Capt. Joseph Marschalk in the 41st year of his age.

In the 25th year of her age, Mrs. Maria Roorbach, wife of capt. Arthur Roorbach.

After a long illness, Jonathan Lawrence, esq. of this city, aged 75 years.

At Manhattanville, a few miles from this city, William Lawrence Buckley, aged 18 years, son of Mr. Thomas Buckley, merchant of this city, fell from a dock in a fit and was drowned.

The city inspector reports the deaths of 61 persons from the 29th ult. to the 5th inst.

Seat of the Muses.

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 " — To thy cheering influence we owe
 Whate'er delights or sweetens life below,
 By thy blest charm our present pain we lose,
 As future prospects happiness disclose."

ALL ALONE.

BY MARY ROBINSON.

AH! wherefore by the church-yard side,
 Poor little lorn one, dost thou stray?
 Thy wavy locks but thinly hide
 The tears that dim thy blue eye's ray:
 And wherefore dost thou sigh and moan,
 And weep, that thou art left alone?

Thou art not left alone, poor boy,
 The traveller stops to hear thy tale;
 No heart, so hard, would thee annoy!
 For tho' thy mother's cheek is pale
 And withers under yon grave stone,
 Thou art not, urchin, left alone.

I know thee well, thy yellow hair
 In silky waves I oft have seen:
 Thy dimpled face, so fresh and fair,
 Thy roguish smile, thy playful mein
 Were all to me, poor orphan, known,
 Ere fate had left thee—all alone!

Thy russet coat is scant, and torn,
 Thy cheek is now grown deathly pale!
 Thine eyes are dim, thy looks forlorn,
 And bare thy bosom meets the gale:
 And oft I hear thee deeply groan,
 That thou poor boy art left alone.

Thy naked feet are wounded sore
 With thorns that cross thy daily road;
 The winter winds around thee roar,
 The church-yard is thy bleak abode;
 Thy pillow now a cold grave-stone—
 And there thou lov'st—to grieve—alone!

The rain has drench'd thee, all night long;
 The nipping frost thy bosom froze:
 And still the yew tree shades among:
 I heard thee sigh thy artless woes;
 I heard thee, 'till the day-star shone
 In darkness weep—and weep alone!

Oft have I seen thee, little boy,
 Upon thy lovely Mother's knee:
 For when she liv'd thou wert her joy,
 Though now a mourner thou must be!
 For she lies low, where yon grave-stone,
 Proclaims, that thou art left alone.

Weep, weep no more; on yonder hill
 The village bells are ringing gay,
 The merry reed and brawling rill
 Call thee to rustic sports away.
 Then wherefore weep, and sigh, and moan,
 A truant from the throng—alone?

"I cannot the green hill ascend,
 I cannot pace the upland mead:
 I cannot in the vale attend
 To hear the merry sounding reed:
 For all is still beneath yon stone,
 Wheremy poor mother's le one!

"I cannot gather gaudy flowers
 To dress the scene of revels loud—
 I cannot pass the evening hours
 Among the noisy village crowd,
 For all in darkness, and alone
 My mother sleeps, beneath yon stone.

"See how the stars begin to gleam,
 The sheep-dog bark's, 'tis time to go;
 The night-fly hums, the moonlight beam
 Peeps thro' the yew-tree's shadowy row—
 It falls upon the white grave stone,
 Where my dear mother sleeps alone.

"Oh stay me not for I must go
 The upland path in haste to tread;
 For there the pale primroses grow,
 They grow to dress my mother's bed.
 They must, ere peep of day, be strown,
 Where she lies mould'ring all alone.

"My father o'er the stormy sea
 To distant lands was borne away
 And still my mother staid with me,
 And wept by night and toil'd by day:
 And shall I ever quit the stone
 Where she is left, to sleep alone.

"My father died, and still I found
 My mother fond, and kind to me;
 I felt her breast with rapture bound
 When first I prattled on her knee—
 And then she bless'd my infant tone
 And little thought of yon grave stone.

"No more her gentle voice I hear,
 No more her smile of fondness see;
 Then wonder not I shed the tear,
 She would have died to follow me!
 And yet she sleeps beneath yon stone
 And I still live—to weep alone.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Morality.

ON DRESS.

TEACH your daughters not to hazard their own souls and those of others, by their foolish vanity. Inspire them with an aversion for naked bosoms and all immodesty in dress; for, though they may adopt these fashions without any bad intentions, yet their complying with them at all, shows too great love of admiration. Can vanity justify before God and man, a conduct so scandalous, so indelicate, and so prejudicial to others? When women endeavour to please by these means, do they not wish to excite the passions of the other sex, and after such behaviour, can they expect to be able to check the impertinence and freedom of the men? Should they not take the consequences to themselves, and are not the passions generally ungovernable when once awakened? Thus they prepare a subtle and mortal poison, which they administer indiscriminately to every spectator, and yet fancy themselves free from guilt.

Enforce your advice by pointing out the difference between those women whose modesty has made them respectable, and those whose immodesty has caused their ruin. Above all, do not permit your daughters to dress above their station; tell them to what dangers it will expose them, and how much it will make them despised by all respectable and sensible people.

Penelon.

THERE is a certain dress suitable to every station, which to neglect would be sinking into meanness, and be a disrespect to those we live among; that then should be regarded, and that alone; for all above should be made indifferent to us. Happiness is in the mind, and to improve the mind is the way to reach it. Happiness does not consist in enlarging our possessions, but in contracting our desires. Nothing, therefore, can be more dangerous in the education of children, than the cherishing in them a passion for dress, especially the raising them above their abilities.

It is a general observation, that ordinary people dress their children finer than people of fashion; but parents are not aware how destructive this false pride, this vain mistaken fondness is to their children; and the first effect it has on them, is to make them ashamed of their parents, those very people who thus mislead them. Can people who take these steps wonder their children are not good, wonder they are proud, vain and untoward, when they themselves have made them so?

Nelson.

Anecdotes.

SO MUCH FOR PEEPING.

EVERY one must allow, that, notwithstanding the extreme modesty of the amiable Thomson, that poet understood and must have felt all the force of the tender passion. The following anecdote gives us reason to believe that he drew the charming portrait of *Musidora* from nature—and indeed from whence could he draw such an enchanting picture, but from the source of perfection?—Thomson was on a visit to a friend, with whom at the same time lived a lovely young female relation. The poet's bed-chamber was immediately above that of the young lady, a circumstance which it seems Thomson was somehow or other apprised of. The son of Apollo soon found means to perforate the floor of his room, and through this orifice he nightly admired the loveliest of nature's works, drank deep draughts of inspiration, and, we cannot doubt, raised his pious thoughts from the contemplation of "Nature's works, up to nature's God."—One night as the unsuspecting nymph was undressing, she heard an unusual noise, and desired her maid to find out the cause. "Oh, madam," cried Betty, "be not alarmed, 'tis only the poet at his hole."—But permit me," continued Betty, "and I will afford you some fun." Betty immediately mounted a chair, and applied the lighted candle to the sacrilegious orifice. The good poet had been, it seems, at his accustomed devotions; and, overcome by love, wine, or fatigue, had unwittingly submitted to the all-powerful commands of the drowsy god. To drop allegory—he was snoring loudly at the before-mentioned hole; but was speedily awakened from his slumbers by the flaming torch of the mischievous Betty, though not till he had got completely rid of the skin of the noisy member that had betrayed his *theft profane*—"if aught profane to love!" The triumph of Betty and her mistress was complete—and the nose of the unfortunate poet but too loudly proclaimed his disgrace.

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THE DUNS.

The witty Lord Ross, having spent all his money in London, set out for Ireland, in order to recruit his purse. On his way, he happened to meet with the late Sir Murrough O'Brien, driving for the capital, in a lofty phaeton, with six fine dun-coloured horses. "Sir Murrough," exclaimed his Lordship, "what a contrast betwixt you and me! I have left my duns behind me, and you are driving yours before you."

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THE PARCEL ACT.

A gentleman thinking he was charged too much by a porter for the delivery of a parcel, asked him what his name was, "My name," replied the man, "is the same as my father's." "And what is his name," said the gentleman. "It is the same as mine." "Then what are both your names?" "Why, they are both alike," answered the man again, and very deliberately walked off.

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